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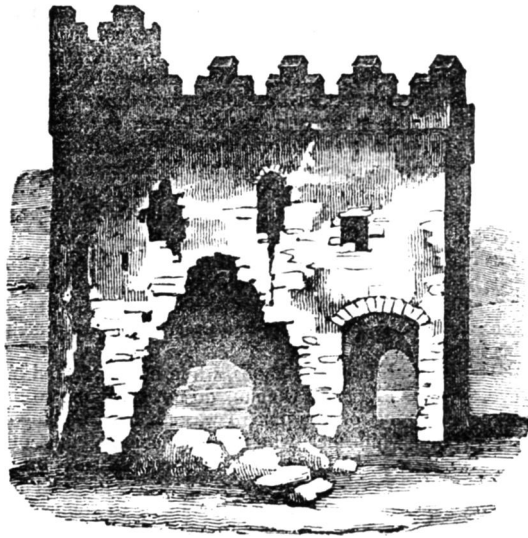
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KILGOBBIN CASTLE, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.



The village of Kilgobbin, in the half barony of Rathdown, county of Dublin, is situated six miles from the city, on the old road to Enniskerry by the Scalp, near the base of the Threerock mountain; but it is not to beauty of situation, or salubrity of atmosphere alone, Kilgobbin owes its chief celebrity; its mouldering castle constitutes the grand feature of its fame; and few, indeed, are the Dublinians who have not heard of this master piece of *Gubbawn Saer*, and of its hidden treasures.

There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the castle. It is evidently one of a chain of forts or fortified residences erected at a period of no very remote antiquity, to restrain the incursions of the redoubtable O'Tooles or O'Macs, who formerly ruled or misruled the Wicklow mountains: it consists of an oblong tower without turrets or outward defences, but planted nearly in the center of a level plain, extending from the base of the before-named mountain to the scarp of Killiney hill, and effectually commanding all ingress or egress through the remarkable pass of the Scalp. It formed, although not remarkable for strength or solidity, a very effectual fortress when occupied by a vigilant garrison: indeed the masonry appears of rather an inferior description, as the numerous rents from foundation to battlement testify; and in front a considerable portion of the wall has fallen down, leaving a yawning chasm, and exposing the arches and flooring of the interior.

The origin of this building is popularly attributed, as before hinted, to a renowned character in Irish traditional chronicle, named *Gubbawn Saer*. This personage, whoever he was, has the honour among our peasantry of being the reputed founder or architect of almost all the round towers and castles with which our green isle is so plentifully studded; in this case the idea has certainly arisen from the name Kilgobbin; but if these rustic etymologists were as conversant with Shakspeare, as they are with the tales of the chimney-corner, perhaps they would trace it to the Messrs. Lancelot Gobbo, father and son; heroes who figure conspicuously in one of the dramas of the immortal bard.

Be this as it may, many are the legends related of *Gubbawn Saer*: he is represented as being a famous architect and gold-finder; and his abilities in the line of his profession were so great as to cause his name and fame to be sounded over the world: he was eagerly sought after by all kings, princes, and potentates who had castles to build, and always acquitted himself to their satisfaction; and having undertaken a *job* for the King of France, he, before he entrusted his valuable body to the uncertainties of travel, like a good member of society, made his will and buried his money (of which, it seems, he had a good store), in one of the vaults of Kilgobbin castle; unfortu-

nately he did not come back to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" of retirement; for his august employer, being perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he had executed his trust in France, and unwilling that any other of his brother aristocrats should reap the fruits of the experience of *Gubbawn Saer*, liberally rewarded him, and abundantly provided for all future contingencies, by cutting off his head; and as men without heads are but indifferent travellers, he never returned to tell the exact spot in which he deposited his money, but it is well known to be some where within the walls of this castle.

These rumours, whatever was their origin, have had the effect of addling the brains of more than one weak-minded person; and in their "insatiate thirst for gold," they have undermined the walls of the venerable ruin to such a degree, as materially to injure it: the walls are cracked and rent, and the entire literally "totters to its fall;" and will, ere long, present nothing to the view but an undistinguishable heap of ruins. Whether any person has been benefitted by such exertions we cannot say, but it is implicitly believed in the vicinity that more than one family in Dublin have been *made up* by their golden dreams of Kilgobbin.

TO A DROOPING ROSE.

Lovely rose, now lowly bowing,
Thy blushes hidden in thy leaves,
Like a maid whose lover's vowing;—
She with drooping head receives.

Lovely rose, the day in dying
Strives to emulate thy hues;
And the timid zephyr sighing
Thy kiss with low murmurs wooes.

Lovely rose, the woodbine's wreathing
Gently o'er thy fairy bower,
To inhale thy fragrant breathing,
Queen of every rainbow flower.

Lovely rose, the snow-drop's whiteness,
Pure as childhood's guileless heart;
Lovely rose, the heart's-ease brightness,
Gaudy like the tints of art;

Lovely rose, the tulip's splendour,
Like a monarch clad in gold;
The valc-born lily's bells so tender,
Scarcely daring to unfold:

Lovely rose, their softest shading
Doth not, cannot vie with thine;
Yet thou now art slowly fading,
Lovely rose, why droop—why pine?

Hath the wind too rudely brushed thee?
Dost thou mourn a broken vow?
Hath misfortune's finger crushed thee,
Leaving thee to droop as now?

Thus, oh! thus, o'er young hearts stealing,
Deep distress, deceit, and care
Change each sweet and holy feeling,
And leave behind them blank despair.

Lovely rose, I first came hither
In thy beauty's budding prime;
And although you slowly wither,
The same bright jasmynes round you climb.

Oh! 'tis not thus when hearts are breaking;
For then their former friends soon fly,
Selfish pleasure elsewhere seeking,
Leaving the stricken hearts to die.—OSCAR.

DUBLIN:

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